

# The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**BOOK BINDER**

**1873 1873**

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**DANVILLE, VA.**

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Recently purchased in the best Northern Markets, and embracing all the latest styles of Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions, BLEACHED & BROWN DOMESTICS, Blankets, Shawls, Bed-Quilts, Bed-Spreads, Cassimeres, Keweenaw, Kentucky Jeans, and all the fabrics of the season.

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## SPANISH BARBARITIES—A RETROSPECT.

Nearly a half century before the Christians, Virgil, the Augustan poet, wrote "Impatoris a tergo horribilis Ibero"—you shall dread the plundering Spaniard, stabbing you from behind. A foot note to this passage in the Third Geographic Informa, it thus appears that the Spaniards, even in the earliest ages, had become proverbial among the Romans for their treachery and murderous propensities.

The infusion of Gothic and Arabian blood, and even to the centuries of juxtaposition and conflict with the Moors of Africa, have been insufficient to obliterate these native characteristics. All periods of their native history seem to have preserved a faithful verisimilitude to the picture of the classic poet. It is a picture which neither the glory of Columbus nor the virtues of Isabella can illuminate or efface. On the American Continent it is stamped indelibly in the deeds and characters of Pizarro, Almagro and Hernandez Cortez, by the savage barbarities perpetrated on the innocent Incas, of Peru, and the effeminate Montezumas, of Mexico. The genius of Kotzebue preserves in "bad eminence" the memory of the one, and the pious indignation of Las Casas will ever remain to rebuke the merciless inhumanity of the other.

On the Continent of Europe the true character of the Spaniards, still remain as long as the memory of Alva and the cruel barbarities of the Netherlands are immortalized by the pen of Motley or Macaulay. Throughout all her varied history the land of the strappado and the Inquisition seems never to have lost her original characteristics.

Like the leopard she has not changed her spots; or the Ethiopian, she has not changed her skin. Even when at the same of her power—and she had a power once—when her subjects, like the English of the present day, could boast that the sun in its course never set upon her dominions—her crimes and oppressions rendered her the terror and detestation of mankind.

More than two centuries ago the pen of the historian describes her as "that Spain which had dominated over the land and the ocean; over the Old and the New World; which had led captive a Pope and a King of France; a sovereign of Mexico and a sovereign of Peru; had sent an army to the walls of Paris and equipped a mighty fleet for the invasion of England, and of which there now remained nothing but the wreckage which had once excited terror and hatred, but which now could only excite derision and contempt."

But like all cruel and cowardly nations when rendered impotent and powerless, they become correspondingly obstinate and pertinacious. Thus the Spanish crown hopelessly resisted for seventy years the independence of Holland and the Netherlands. It also continued to wage a lingering and equally hopeless war against the independence of the South American States. Long after all reasonable prospect of reconciling these States to the allegiance of her sceptre had disappeared, she persistently continued the struggle, seemingly for no other purpose than because it gratified her impotent spite, and because it was burdensome to the States themselves, and annoying and vexatious to neutral nations. With the same pertinacious obstinacy she held on to the institution of the Holy Inquisition up to the very dawn of the nineteenth century.

In a similar spirit of resistance to all progress of liberal or constitutional freedom, in 1823, while she was in perfect rapport with the Holy Alliance, she addressed from the Palace of the Escurial a formal note to the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna and Paris, begging the assistance of that famous league of crowned heads to unite with her, not only in re-establishing her authority over the South American States, but also to apply the doctrines of the Congress of Laybach to crush out the spirit of liberty everywhere on this Continent. Perhaps the people of the United States owe it to the opposition upon the part of England to this proposal that they did not then have to contend with combined Europe for their national existence.

Such is the history of that nation whose power and oppression have been resisted and overthrown in every quarter of the globe by the nations that were once subject to her sceptre. Driven by turns from Mexico, from Peru, from Brazil and the Main, she clings with traditional obstinacy to her last remaining jewel—poor struggling Cuba. Defeated and repulsed by the semi-civilized and effeminate peoples of this Continent, which she had so cruelly and mercilessly oppressed, she now threatens to dominate over the people who have boastfully proclaimed "that the whole boundless Continent is ours."

It is a fact worthy of reflection at this moment, that of all the peoples on the American Continent who have struggled for liberty or independence, the only one that has never been engaged in a conflict of arms with Spain is the people of the United States.

It is because we have not suffered wrongs at her hands. Has she not been our enemy at all points? And now, has it indeed, not come to be a question, if the United States is not the only nation of the globe whose flag and citizens can violate with impunity? Is it not indeed a ques-

tion, whether we dare to assert our rights and honor among the nations in face of her defiant banners? Is a word has it not come about that what Mexico, Peru and the South American Republics have refused to be, the proud Republic of North America has degenerated into—the vassal and dependant upon the crown of Castile?

## WHAT A FAIRY SAW IN A BEEHIVE.

In the store-room we saw rows upon rows of cells, fitted one upon another, and every one filled with clear honey, and securely sealed.

"This is our winter store," said my guide; "pure honey, made from the white clover, and put up in the combs by the Workers."

"How do they make the honey?" I asked.

"They gather it," she replied. "We send out thousands of bees every morning, to all the gardens and fields around. Mignonette makes good honey, and so do apple blossoms. We usually make from 2 to 6 pounds in a day. The bees often fly as far as two miles from the hive, and they come back loaded with honey and pollen. Each worker has a tongue or proboscis with which she licks or brushes up the honey, and puts it into her honey-bag."

"Stop a moment," said she to a worker who was hurrying by. "You will observe, my dear, that the hinder legs have something like baskets, on the side, in which the pollen or bee-bread is carried."

"I see it," said I. "I have often watched the bees coming out of flowers, covered with yellow dust."

"I then took the opportunity to mention to her that I lived in a lily-bell, that I sometimes danced the greater part of the night, and that the bees were very much in the habit of waking me at an unreasonable hour in the morning. She said she would attend to it."

"And how do the bees make wax?" I asked.

"By a process best known to themselves," replied Deborah. "It is not in my line just now, and I am quite sure that I could not describe it to you. The bees say they cannot tell how they do it, but they wish to keep the secret among themselves. The sides of these cells are the one-hundred and eighty-fourth part of an inch in thickness. So you see we must use an immense quantity of wax."

"You must indeed," I replied. "And are the cells always made in this same shape?"

"Yes," said she. "They are six sided. The early bees fixed upon that as the best for strength and economy of space, and no change has been made since. However, the bumble-bees," she added, with a slight expression of scorn, as though she had said, "the bladders," have a way which they prefer. They put it up in bags, and store it under ground."

"This was no news to me. Such a thing has been done in Fairy land as to 'borrow' a little honey from the Bumble-bee, in time of scarcity. But I said nothing."

"And you tell me the workers do the fighting. Is there much fighting to do?" I asked.

"A great deal," replied Deborah. "We have many enemies, a bother on them! Mice, caterpillars, moths, snails, wasps, robber-bees, and other evil-minded creatures!" As she said this, she buzzed fiercely and unheededly by me.

"Look here a moment," said she, "and you will see one of them."

And there, in a corner, guarded by a squad of bees, lay a wretched snail, prisoned in his own shell. The edge of the shell was covered with strong cement, which held it firmly to the floor.

"I think we have him now, the villain!" said my guide. "His shell is fastened with propolis."

"What is propolis?" I asked.

"It is bee-glue," she replied; "resin from the buds of trees."—St. Nicholas.

The project of constructing a tunnel under the Irish Sea from a point near Belfast to the extremity of the peninsula opposite in Scotland has been revived. It is said, with some probability of success. The length of the proposed work would be about twelve miles, and the estimated cost \$23,000,000.

Here is an old toast and a good one. In 1802 the Bostonians were celebrating the unfortunate landing of the Pilgrims—the most disastrous occurrence in our National history—when the following capital toast was drunk: "The Constitution! May it govern those who govern us." This ought to be painted in golden words in both Houses of Congress.

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on the way eighteen years." Well, good-bye, old fellow. If you have been traveling toward Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route.

## ELECTING A POPE.

### HOW THE THING IS DONE.

A Paris Journal gives the following: "A dispatch in the *Gazette de Cologne* announces that Pius IX. has just suppressed the formalities which formerly surrounded the election of the Pope, the Chief of Christianity. No one need be told that at the death of a Pope, the Cardinals choose one among their number to fill the chair of St. Peter. This rite is called the conclave (con clavis—under lock and key), because the Cardinals are carefully locked up until after the proclamation of the name chosen. The regular number of the Cardinals composing the sacred college is seventy, but it is rare that more than sixty are present; many are absent from Rome, and ordinarily the conclave is composed of only forty or forty-five."

Up to this time the traditional formalities in the election of a Pope have been carefully preserved. This is the ceremony of the election of Pius IX. the actual Pope, and which is in conformity with ancient usages. The next morning after the last day of the funeral of Gregory XVI. the 14th of June, 1846, the Cardinals assembled at the Pontifical Palace. On reaching the Pauline chapel the apostolic bull was read convening the conclave, and the Cardinals took the oath, swearing to elect the most worthy among their number. Then the Cardinals went to their cells, and received the visits of diplomatics, of officials, and of the Roman nobility, with a crowd of distinguished persons. During the night (toward 11 o'clock) the signal is given, three times repeated at intervals of half an hour, and all strangers leave the conclave, and the key is turned, leaving on the inside the Cardinals, with their necessary officers, and on the other side the perpetual marshal, or governor of the holy Church, or guardian of the conclave.

Along a vast gallery two rows of cells had been constructed, separated by a corridor for service. Each cell was formed of thin wooden partitions; each Cardinal furnished his own, modestly, in green or violet serge, and placed his arms outside above the door. In conformity with the apostolic constitution these cells must be made of uniform size, and placed upon the same line upon the same floor. Each cell contains a small room for the Cardinal and a retreat for his conclavists and assistants. They have no chimneys, and are warmed from the large hall outside. In winter all the windows are blocked up, with the exception of a single pane of glass, and in this retreat there is almost entire obscurity. In summer the windows open upon a court or a garden. Each cell has about forty square yards of space. They are drawn by lot, and it is not rare to find Cardinals of opposite opinion beside each other.

Then, owing to the thin partition, great precautions are taken not to be overheard on the other side. In his cell, the Cardinal is assisted by a secretary and a gentleman, who are called conclavists. The Cardinals who are Princes are entitled to three. This service obliges the holder to perform the duties of a domestic, which does not prevent young prelates from ardently seeking the position. A Sacristan and sub-Sacristan, a Confessor, a Secretary of the College, four Masters of Ceremonies, two doctors, two apothecaries, two barbers, with two aids, a mason, a carpenter, and twelve *fuchini*—valets dressed in violet costumes—compose the service of the conclave.

When the Cardinals have entered their cells, after being solemnly warned to withdraw if they do not feel strong enough to hold out to the end of the election, all doors are locked, and the college is *cum clavis*, or in conclave. All the "avenues" are guarded within and without as far as the Chateau Saint-Ange, and throughout the Via Longata. It is by the towers that food is brought in, and it is by them that communication is held with the "ambassadors without, in presence and with the authorization of the *chefs d'ordre*, placed under the control of the High Cardinal *conventuelle*, who exercises Papal authority during the interim. If a Cardinal is taken sick he can leave the conclave, but cannot enter it again. The apostolic chamber pays all expenses: provides for the Cardinals' tables; gives them service, except when, as is generally the case, they prefer to be served by their own servants. The transport of the dinners forms a long cortege.

On arriving at the Vatican, each chief names his master and the doors are opened to him, but he is always under guard, and all the articles of food are examined. The guards have the right to open the fowls, the pies, the game and the fish—all that can contain a secret communication. The glasses and the bottles must be transparent. The dishes must have no suspicion of false bottoms. Everything is examined and probed. But in spite of these precautions it is by the ailments that secret notes are obtained, and the dishes have been made to represent a hieroglyphic alphabet. The dessert is, above all, rich in emblems, and the fruits may have a peculiar language.

A piece of news was once transmitted in a nut-shell, which destroyed the chances of a man who would have been elected, and overturned all the combinations. The French ambassador is said to have been the author of this news. It was the famous Sistine chapel that the votes are placed after being taken, with a thousand precautions from the Cardinals. Each vote, prepared in advance by the conclavist, contains the name of the candidate and of the voter, with a particular device, which is also written upon the outside. The votes of sick candidates are brought by *infirmiers*; the others are delivered in person, and placed in the locked box. In the chapel they are received in the presence of many people, and great care is taken to prevent fraud.

To be elected Pope, two-thirds of the votes are necessary. The votes annulled are immediately burned. The conclave must remain under lock and key until an election, and remain for a long time. When Gregory XVI. was elected the conclave lasted two months and a day. Pius IX. was more quickly elected. The conclave assembled the 11th June, 1846, and its choice was made known two days afterward. In taking away these long details the election of a Pope will probably be rendered easier. However that may be, the recent decision of the Holy Father carries its lesson, and gives one more proof that movement and progress are the law of every institution created by human society.

Our ideas of the size of distant divisions of the earth are apt to be rather vague, from the contemplation of maps. We often see a map of North Carolina projected on a larger scale than we have seen a map of the continent of Asia or Africa; hence our notions of the size of some parts of those countries are rather contracted. From an exchange we take the following descriptions of the comparative size of places in the Eastern Hemisphere, and places in this country, known to most school-boys:

The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

Madagascar is as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, Virginia and North Carolina all put together.

Palestine is one-tenth the size of New York.

Greece is about the size of Vermont.

The English channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior, and Lake Huron is as large as the Sea of Azov.

The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Caspian sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

Great Britain and Ireland are about as large as New Mexico, but not as large as Iowa and Nebraska. They are less than New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.—*Will Post*.

## THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

The nomination of General Cushing to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court will take nearly every Republican in the country by surprise. When the antecedents of the nominee are considered, the surprise may possibly give way to dismay among many whose Republicanism is a matter of enduring gratitude and faith. The President of the Charleston Convention in 1860, and of the secession which nominated Breckenridge; the Attorney General of Mr. Pierce, he induced that President to support the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; cited by Mr. Taney as the supporter of the Dred Scott decision that colored people could not be citizens of the United States; during the last Democratic administrations, a Democrat of the most ultra States-right school, General Cushing cannot receive the hearty endorsement of a Senate three-fourths Republican.

It is a little remarkable that the only members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, who earnestly supported the nomination, were Messrs. Thurman and Sternesson, both Democrats. It is also equally remarkable that the President should have nominated a man 71 years old, when there is a law that a member of the Bench of the Supreme Court, who is 70 years old, can retire on full pay.—We cannot think that the President has at all improved upon the nomination of Mr. Williams.—*Will Post*.

A little knot of ladies were discussing the subject of marriage. One of the party, a single young lady, said, "Matches are made in heaven." "Very likely," was the quick rejoinder of a married lady, "and they are often clipped in the other place."

Building castles in Spain, Mr. S.?" said the landlady to Spicer, who was thoughtfully regarding his breakfast cup. "No, ma'am," said Spicer, "only looking over my grounds in Java."

A Cincinnati matron says that there is not a fashionable girl in that city but would rather stay away from church than be seen wearing a pair of single-button gloves.

## THE HISTORICAL NAVY.

We find the following nonsense in one of our Republican exchanges: "Like a master of battleships, we are always ready. In 1812 we had all things ready. In 1812 we had a very little navy, but our cruisers swept the seas. At the beginning of the late civil war we were in no better condition for operations on the sea, and yet, in a night, so to speak, we had a navy which covered itself with glory."

Now, as to 1812, we admitted all that is said. It was the day of our shipwreck and sailing vessels—not of rams and monitors; and our improved navy did good service. There had been a glorious apprenticeship; ten years before, in the naval war with the Barbary Powers, and the initiate heroes of 1802: Stewart, and Decatur, and Bainbridge, and Hiddle, and George W. Meade, and our Maryland Riddle, became the ripened sailors of 1812. Hull, and Morris, and Jones, we believe, were not Mediterranean boys. As to our cruisers "sweeping the seas," the statement is a little strong, but let that pass. We entirely demur to the assertion—as a mere matter of historical accuracy—that our navy put on a mantle of glory during the civil war. It was in some respects scandalously inefficient. There was very little seamanship about it. —Ponter, the most accomplished man in the navy, did service in carrying steamboats by Western rivers and shelling forts, but it was not "seamanship," or professional distinction, and when he was translated to a sphere where he would have gained honor, he died. Farragut does deserve praise—the highest. His passage of the forts at New Orleans and the combat at Mobile were very Nelsonian, and smacked of Copenhagen. The cleverest naval achievement, regarded as a matter of science and art, was Dupont's manoeuvre and victory at the Port Royal forts, but when he and his huge squadron were sent to subdue Sumter, it was utter failure, as were the operations of all his successors. The operations at Hampton Roads amounted to nothing, and, as to the broad ocean, the Federal action was impotent, and Semmes' cruise in the Alabama was the greatest achievement of the war. How absurd is it then to say that in the civil war the navy "covered itself with glory."

## A CARGO OF SILK-WORM EGGS WORTH \$2,000,000.

One of the most valuable consignments that ever passed across the continent arrived at Chicago on the 24th ult. from San Francisco. One freight car carried the consignment, which was valued at \$2,000,000, and which consisted of silk worm eggs purchased at Yokohama, Japan, by the French government, and which landed in San Francisco on the 15th of December. These eggs are about one-fourth the size of a common pin's head, and of the number in this cargo some idea may be gained when it is learned that on this car there were nine and a half tons of eggs. The cargo was carried to New York and thence shipped per steamer to Liverpool.

Four Frenchmen accompany the precious freight, and will not lose sight of it until delivered to the French officials in Paris. The eggs are packed in leather, layer upon layer and placed in air tight boxes, which are in turn covered with matting. The car is kept at a temperature below the freezing point, and no light is admitted. The matting covered boxes are piled up on either side. There is nothing to be seen but matting, and the appearance of the boxes, says the *Tribune*, is certainly not indicative of the value of their contents. This is the first attempt yet made to import silk worms via the United States.

## THE LOUISIANA POLITICAL PLOT.

It is said among the Louisiana politicians that the recent going over of several of the fusion members to the Kellogg Legislature is in accordance with the scheme, already advertised to throw Pinchback overboard. The first part of the programme, if successfully carried out as now seems assured, is to win over enough members of the fusion Legislature to deprive that body of all hopes of again obtaining a quorum. The next part of the programme is to elect another Senator in place of Pinchback, with the understanding that the President will send in a message to Congress mentioning the defection of the fusionist members, which covers the fusion Legislature into an informal assembly, without any claim as a legal body. Pinchback, who has been home trying to defend this move, did not succeed. He will, however, if it should succeed and he be turned out of the Senate, try his chances again in the House. The telegram received in Congress to-day, protesting against the Kellogg government in behalf of a large number of members who stick to the fusion Legislature will not have much effect.

The wreckage tables for 1873 shows that 450 vessels belonging to, or trading to ports in the United States, were wrecked in the twelvemonth, against 417 in 1872. This is an increase of ten per cent; and the gross damage amounts from \$1,007,000 to \$1,768,000.











